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Handwritten text in a red square box, featuring stylized characters in a cursive script. The text is arranged in two lines, with the top line containing a long, flowing character and the bottom line containing a shorter, more compact character. The characters are white and stand out against the red background.



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Shelf

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"The Lake-View"

AU SABLE CHAM

Lake Champlain.



BY S. R. STODDARD

S. R. Stoddard
owner
of Glen's Falls, N. Y.

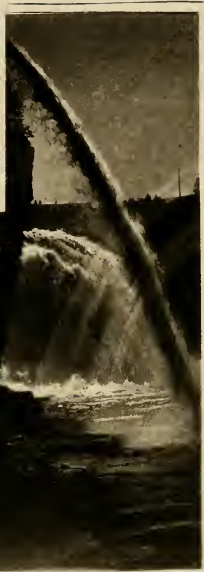
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Au Sable Chasm.



U SABLE CHASM is the Yosemite in miniature. The Au Sable River, flowing out from the mountains of the south, through the valley past Keeseville, breaks, after many a rush and tumble, over the rocks in the beau-



Rainbow Falls

tiful Rainbow Falls, then hurrying downward through devious ways, creeping under towering cliffs, resting in dark places where the sun never shines, finally emerges from the gloom into the broad, willowy way to mingle, after many twists and turns, with the quiet waters of Lake Champlain.

It is but a vast fissure in the Earth's surface, its walls, that now stand apart, were apparently united and solid in the past; projections on the one

Pulpit-Rock

THE ELEPHANT'S HEAD

Devil's Oven

Split Rock



side are faced by corresponding depressions on the other; strata broken off here are continued over there. Now down are to be found petrified specimens of the first orders of animal life, and ripple marks made when the rock was in its plastic place—the bed of some lake or ocean—and above where these are seen, in successive layers, towers nearly a hundred feet of solid rock.

Who can say what ages have passed away since

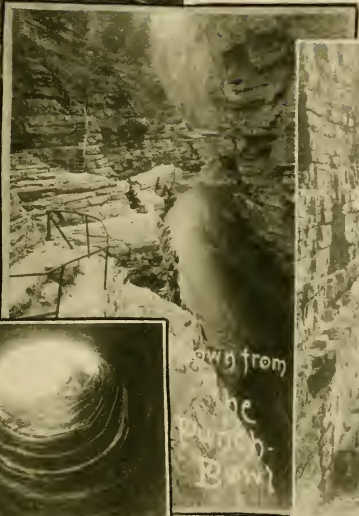


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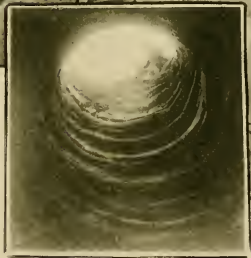


HELL GATE

the restless sea beat upon this unknown shore and left the marks of its wavelets for us to wonder at ? Thought is lost away back in the eternity of " the beginning " when darkness was upon the face of the deep. Later came the dawn of the Creation, and in its full light the lowest of animal creatures lived their brief day and added their mite to old Ocean's bottom. Long ages rolled away ; floods swept over the uneasy world that reeled and stag-



Mystic Carge



down from
the
Cave
Barn

1905
WELL

gered with the pulsations of its heart of fire. The earth's thin shell bubbled up into mountain ridges and broke like crackle glass, then, cooling, left its marks in ragged heights and unsounded depths. Then came great icebergs, grinding the uplifted points to atoms in their course; polishing, leveling, and filling up the openings. Then the waters fled away, leaving the seams and cracks filled with the rich alluvium gathered in passing centuries, holding



Up from Hyde's Cave



Hyde's Cave



Down from
Hyde's Cave

in its bosom the germs of vegetable life that in time covered all with a mantle of green. The yearly rains descended; floods swept down from the mountains above, washing outward the loose deposit and the softer rock that had filled these crevices and revealed to us this wonderland of "The Walled Banks of the Au Sable."

To particularize, to describe point by point, this awe-inspiring place, is like dissecting some grand,



THE LONG GALLERY

weird harmony, and, disappointed, learn at last that it is composed only of such notes as make the common music which passes us unnoticed. To give measurements of height or depth; of length or breadth; to bind in cold figures and seek to convey in feet and inches an idea of the wonder of Au Sable Chasm, is like picturing to one who never saw, the blinding glory of the sun, or the infinite distance of the star-gemmed heavens at night. It is a place

Column-Rocks



Column-Rocks

of sensations and the sensations are often oppressive, never frivolous. They weigh you down with a power unacknowledged perhaps until now. The head is bowed low and the heart humbled with a realizing sense of its littleness. You are in the Great Creator's work-shop and see on every hand, faintly perhaps according to your light, the record of the mighty forces here employed. You enter with assurance born of unshaken confidence in yourself; you



come out feeling that you have trusted to a reed. You descend to the black floor, polished by past waters; you go from level to level, from lowest depth to giddiest height; you follow around great buttresses of solid rock, while beneath the water boils and foams, and above, the cliffs seem ready to topple over and annihilate you. You climb steep stairways, clinging to the iron railing that holds you safely back from the black gulf down below; you

The Yucca



California

peer into cavernous openings and through dim passes until the eye is tired of ruins, and the mind faints with trying to grasp and measure the immeasurable.

But there are pleasant spots along the way—cozy nooks and sunny corners, bright flowers and waving ferns. And the halt at the end of the stairways and galleries brings a grateful feeling of relief and contented rest. Then the boat ride through the Grand Flume, where the waters are dark, and deep,



The
Grand Flume

and swift, and the cliffs above draw together until the sky seems but a narrow ribbon of blue ; followed by the excited race down over the foaming rapids, and the resting finally in the sunny Basin below— it is all wonderful and full of sensations to be remembered until all feeling fades away.

Solemn ! Awe-inspiring ! Place of Shadows !
It is well to have been in Au Sable Chasm once in a lifetime, for the brightness of the world above



The
Broken
Needle.



Lower Falls



The Rapids.

shows out clearer and stronger because of its sombre depths, and in such a place man can sometimes realize the puny creature that he is.

S. R. Stoddard.



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